

The Visitant, &c.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

THE Corinthians fell into great irregularities in celebrating the ordinance of the LORD'S SUPPER. To correct these irregularities, the Apostle Paul expressed his marked disapprobation of their conduct—explained the nature of the service—and urged them to prepare diligently for this service.

The Corinthians in many instances payed strict attention to the apostle's command. “Now *I praise you, brethren, that you remember me in all things, and keep the ordinances, as I delivered them to you.*” By this praise he gained their attention, and convinced them, that when he passed censure on their conduct, it was of necessity, that their welfare might be promoted. The same course was followed by our Lord in the epistles which he directed to be sent to the seven churches of Asia; what was commendable, is first mentioned, before what was reproachful is exposed. It is remarkable that in each of the churches of Asia, there was something to be praised, and something to be blamed; except in the church of Smyrna, where there was *nothing* to blame; and in the church of Laodicea, *where there was nothing to praise.*

Having stated what in the church of Corinth the apostle approved of, what he could not approve of, he placed in an odious light, that becoming abhorrent to their souls, it might be corrected. “Now, in this that I declare *unto you, I praise you not, that you come together not for the better, but for the worse.* For, first of all, when ye come together in the church, I hear that there be divisions among you; and I partly believe it. For there must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you. When ye come together, therefore, into one place, *this is not to*

eat the Lord's supper. For in eating every one taketh before *other* his own supper; and one is hungry, and another is drunken. What! have ye not houses to eat and to drink in? or despise ye the church of God, and shame them that have not. What shall I say unto you? shall I praise you in this? I praise *you* not." A faction, at Corinth, headed by a false teacher, was opposed to the apostle; coming together to eat the Lord's supper, the party of the faction sat at one table; and the party of the apostle at another. This is the division spoken of, which furnished fuel to the worst of passions, and totally defeated the design of this service. Let there be *one table*, where all the disciples may bear an unanimous testimony to the death and resurrection of Christ; and to the mutual love which they bore to one another, whereby his disciples are distinguished.

They erred also in another respect: each brought his own victuals prepared upon which he feasted. This, the Jew supposed warranted, since Christ partook of the passover before he instituted the ordinance of the supper: and it was not objected to by converts from among the gentiles, having a resemblance to the feast, in their temples, on the sacrifices, to which, when in their heathen state, they had been accustomed. The poor having no provision to bring were overlooked.

Such conduct perverted a gospel ordinance—burst the bands of love—and turned a christian church into the resemblance of a heathen temple. No wonder the apostle withheld his praise: no wonder he urged it upon the conscience, "Who-soever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord *unworthily*," in the manner you do, "shall be *guilty* of the body and blood of the Lord," he profanes an ordinance where his suffering and death are commemorated; "For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation, or judgment to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." No wonder heavy calamities fell upon them, "for this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep."

God permits abuses in the church to try the character, that those who are sound in faith and practice may appear approved: living among false brethren, who, in the face of conscience, avow sentiments and conduct disgraceful to the christian name.

After passing a severe censure upon the Corinthians for their abuse of a christian ordinance, the apostle proceeds to explain the nature of that ordinance, "For I have received of the

Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus, the *same* night in which he was betrayed, took bread: And when he had given thanks he brake *it*, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he *took* the cup, when he had supped saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink *it*, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come."

Our Lord was condemned by the Jewish sanhedrim as a blasphemer,—why? because he said, I am the Son of God; and was he not the Son of God? Did he not rise from the dead, and ascend to heaven? Did he not sit down on the right hand, and fill the mediatorial throne? Shall he not raise his people from the grave, and put them in possession of life and immortality? These truths are a source of unspeakable consolation. That the mind may be refreshed by the remembrance thereof; and that an express testimony may be borne to the world, of truths so interesting to all, this ordinance is required to be observed by the church through every succeeding age.

Christ gave thanks when he instituted this service: his giving thanks may impress on all a sense of the value of his death, it was the price of redemption, in this he rejoiced, for this he gave thanks to his father, and in the thanksgiving the church in heaven and the church on earth unite, "unto him who loved us, be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Men are put under a dispensation of grace. By the deeds of the law can no flesh be justified, for by the law is the knowledge of sin, and the world are guilty before God, but "there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

In this service there is a devout remembrance; and a solemn declaration of what Christ has done, is doing, and shall yet do: none can perish who obey him: and there is no name by which men can be saved but the name of Jesus. The Spirit

which, without measure rested on Christ; in its measure, rests on all his members, to enlighten, to regenerate, and to sanctify them. It appears from this service that there is a life to come; that there is a resurrection of the dead; that there are rewards for the righteous, and punishments for the wicked. With what gratitude, with what reverence, with what desire ought we to engage in a service where these truths are perpetuated; and in these truths are not all deeply concerned? are they not their life? must not he be inconsiderate indeed, by whom this service is either neglected, or performed in a careless and an indifferent manner.

The apostle urges the Corinthians to be diligent in preparing for this service. "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup." The examination to which they were here directed, refers immediately to the Lord's supper. Is the design thereof known? and is there a desire to promote that design?

The Lord's supper is *a memorial of Christ*. Have you been instructed concerning his nature, his character and his offices?

"In the beginning was *the word*; and the word was with God; and *the word was God*. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. *The word was made flesh*, and dwelt amongst us." No language could more expressly declare the union of the divine and human nature. This was the seed of the woman promised to bruise the head of the serpent. Abraham was assured that in this seed the families of the earth should be blessed. He was typified in the sacrifices. At the fulness of time he entered on his work. The Holy Ghost came upon Mary, yet a virgin, and the power of the highest overshadowed her, wherefore the Holy thing that was born of her was called the Son of God. He passed through the different stages of *infancy, childhood, and youth*, until he attained a *state of manhood*. By his death he expiated human guilt; and he rose again the first fruits of them who slept. He teaches the world by his word and Spirit: He advocates our cause with the Father, and is head over all things to the church: He now governs; and afterwards shall judge the world; assigning to each his respective station of happiness or misery during eternal ages.

Do you believe the testimony which God has given concerning his Son? Can you realize what he has already done,

and wait in certain expectation of what he shall yet do? when God spared not his own Son, but gave him up to the death, does not this assure you that with him he is ready freely to give you all things? Is it of little consequence to you who be against you, since God is for you? Shall the soul survive the ruin of the body? Shall the body not rise from the dust? Shall believers, at the bar, on the great day, be justified, through an act of free, and undeserved grace? Purified in their minds, and invested with spiritual bodies; shall they be happy for ever in delightful communion with God, with Christ, and with all the saints? Have assurances of all this been given in consequence of Christ's death? Is not he faithful who has promised? and what he has promised is he not able to effect? Such faith in God, is the faith which was accounted to Abraham for righteousness, by which he was justified: such faith shall also be accounted to us for righteousness, and thereby we shall be justified. Possessing this faith you are welcome guests at the holy table.

The Lord's supper *excites a grateful sense of Christ's death, and of the benefits derived from his death.*

As offenders we are under the curse of a broken law. Death has been incurred; for death is the certain and inevitable consequence of even one violation of the divine law! Why is the sentence of death suspended, and the forfeited life prolonged? Why did not Adam, and in him the whole race immediately perish?—why are we called together this day to hear the joyful publication, that there is peace on earth and good will to the sons of men? It is in consequence of the death of Christ, which has procured for us an accepted time and a day of salvation; a continuance in the land of the living, and in the land of hope: otherwise we had now been in the region of despair, where no hope cometh, tormented with a worm that dieth not, and with a fire that is not quenched. Surely God has no pleasure in the death of sinners, it is his will that they live. Are you affected by such forbearance and mercy?—Is it impossible for you to do otherwise than to judge, that if one died for all, then all were dead, and he died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died and rose again? Does this draw you to his house and to his table? You are welcome. A desire to honor Christ is excited by his spirit, and sometimes in such a degree, that the right hand may forget its cunning, and the tongue cleave to the roof of the mouth;

sooner than that you should forget your Saviour, or cease to speak aloud his praise.

If you be grateful to Christ, for what he has done, you will hate sin, "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for the blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." And is sin abhorrent to your souls? Do you feel it to be a grievous and a ruinous yoke? Do you acknowledge the right which Christ has in your bodies and their members, in your souls and their faculties, in all you are, and in all you have? This is the feeling, this the acknowledgment of every disciple.

Loving Christ you will love men; for men he lived, and for men he died: men are the purchase of his blood. "A new command give I unto you," was his last and dying charge: "a new command give I unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you. Hereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another." By this try the character: search out the leaven of malice that it be removed. "If ye forgive men their tresspasses, your heavenly father will forgive you your tresspasses, but if you forgive not men their tresspasses, neither will your heavenly father forgive you, your tresspasses."

The ordinance of the Lord's supper implies an *obligation, to lead for the future, through the grace of God, holy lives.* Christ never has, and never can be the minister of sin; he came to destroy the works of the devil, and to eradicate from the heart every evil principle. The promise is express, "a new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and to keep my judgments, and to do them." Sin is seen in its malignity in casting angels from heaven, and Adam from Paradise; in deluging the world with misery and death; but no where is it seen in such dark colours; no where is its ruinous consequences so strongly marked as in the cross of Christ. By his cross you are crucified to the world, and the world is crucified to you. You learn to pass through life in the fear of the

Lord : You cease to do evil, and learn to do well, vain otherwise are all your pretensions to the christian name.

If you desire to perpetuate the remembrance of Jesus : If you be grateful for his death ; If you determine for the future, through his grace, to lead holy lives : then, eat this bread, and drink this cup ; it will refresh your remembrance : it will encrease your gratitude ; it will strengthen your obedience.

Do any object, I am not worthy. Is worth expected or required ? If you bring a price in your hand it would be rejected with scorn. Come as guilty to receive pardon : as needy to receive a supply : as erring, to obtain a guide, through the intricacies of this sojourning this perilous state.

Are you afraid lest you eat and drink *judgment* to yourself ? If, in common life you eat and drink to excess, you eat and drink at the risk of health, of reputation, and of life. But is this ever urged as an argument against partaking of these common blessings of Providence : they too have been forfeited, you are unworthy of them, and may abuse them to your ruin ; yet you participate thereof, and it is your duty to participate, they are the appointed means to sustain and nourish the mortal life : but it is equally your duty to eat this bread, and drink this cup, this is the appointed mean to sustain and nourish the spiritual life ; as you refuse not the one, why should you refuse the other ?—be considerate, be devout, and it will be to your unspeakable advantage.

Do some object that peculiar obligations arise from this service with which they will never be able to comply. I must insist that these obligations are upon you whether you acknowledge them or not : acknowledging them in an ordinance appointed for the express purpose, God promises grace sufficient for you, and strength perfected in your weakness : but in a disobedient course, God will withdraw his grace, and leave you to wonder and perish.

I can perceive no weight in any of these objections ; or whatever weight they have it is all on the side of duty. Such objections are injurious to the honour of God. Is it to be supposed that he could enjoin services, as a snare, in which you may be taken to your ruin ? These objections are exposed in the parable of the talents. He who received *one* talent went and digged in the earth, and hid his Lord's money. When brought to an account, what was his plea ? "I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed, and I was afraid,

and went and hid thy talent in the earth : lo ! there thou hast that is thine." Such is the impious language implied in the objections which have been stated, and in a thousand such objections ; but they shall be overruled with severe rebuke, "Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed ; Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and *then* at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Take therefore, the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath, shall be given, and he shall have abundance : but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into utter darkness : there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Were men actuated by the fear of God, it would lead them diligently to hear, and resolutely to do, what he commands ; but it is all pretence, the scripture imputes their neglect of duty to a slothful and wicked temper, and accordingly determines, let them be stripped of their privileges, let them fall into contempt, let them remain in utter darkness.

If men will trifle with any divine command, especially with the last, the dying command of the head of the church, we leave them to answer for their conduct at the bar of God, in warning them we do our duty, that their blood may not be required at our hand.

It is a mortifying complaint, I have often been at the Holy Table, but have felt little refreshment, and little animation ; the service may refresh, and may animate, but my experience leaves the matter in doubt. Whence can this arise ? from the service itself ?—impossible. It is Christ's last legacy, and is attended with an enriching blessing. How did you approach the table ? Emptied of yourself ? in the dust ? as ready to perish ? Looking to Jesus that you might be saved ?—or did you approach full of yourselves ? as better than others ? In words confessing your sin, but in fact having little sense either of its malignity or ruinous consequence ? I cannot conceive of a state more hostile to the design of the service. It does not magnify the Saviour, and is left without a smile. To that man God looks who is of a humble and contrite spirit, and who trembles at his word, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite one.

Christ will allow no rival ; but your traffic, your possessions, your pleasures divide your hearts. Mortification to the

world does not enter into your scheme of religion. You are willing to go a certain length, but cannot persuade yourselves to surrender all. Such have just religion enough to agitate the soul, and to keep them in painful suspense. At the threshold they have not entered the sanctuary. Without, they are involved in darkness, and exposed to the stormy blast. Be more resolute, come to God's house, sit down at the holy table, ready to make a cheerful, an unreserved, and a perpetual surrender of yourself to the great Redeemer; then receive the token of reconciliation, a Saviour's embrace, which inspires peace and joy unspeakable and full of glory. You shall no more complain, you shall be made glad in the house of prayer, the Saviour will be known of you in the breaking of bread. You shall retire, singing one of the songs of Zion, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, *ble*ss his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things*; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES,

WHICH ILLUSTRATE THE BENEFITS DERIVED FROM THE
LORD'S SUPPER.

ABOUT thirty years ago, this ordinance was dispensed at Bermuda, in the Presbyterian church. A stranger from America was present; he had been residing for some time on the island. He came to the island a gay thoughtless young man. One evening, in private, it occurred to him, in what must such a life issue? the thought took deep hold of his mind, and excited the utmost anxiety. His companions were gay like himself, and he knew no others. He became sick of his former life, but found none to direct him. He secluded himself, and was completely miserable. In various mortifications he expected relief; his severities were excessive; he was emaciated, and his life was in danger. He would have communicated his distress to those who could give him counsel; but where were such? O where? they were unknown to him. He attended worship at the time and place mentioned, and the solemnity was the most impressive I have ever witnessed. The remembrance at this moment is refreshing. The elements had been consecrated and were in the hands of the communicants; all was still; not a breath to be heard; it was like the silence, mentioned in the book of Revelations, for half an hour, when some interesting scenes of providence were disclosed; all felt that they had a deep concern in the death of Christ: A voice broke the silence, it was an unknown voice. "*Christ have mercy upon me.*" It was the voice of the stranger—all again was still as death, the solemnity of the assembly was increased, and their feelings too deep for utterance. The assembly breaking up, some retired rejoicing in the Redeemer: others deeply sensible that they stood in need of a Saviour. The stranger assured me, that he was not aware of what he said, his mind was fully engaged. When he was better instructed concerning the *person, character and offices* of Christ, he saw a rock upon which he could build, and building thereon he found rest to his soul. He became a zealous and an exemplary christian: returning to America, he took orders in the Episcopal church, and has laboured, for many years, in the vineyard, with acceptance and success.

Some years ago, a lady far advanced in life, attended in Alexandria, when the ordinance of the supper was dispensed in the Presbyterian church. She had for a long time been in regular communion with the Episcopal church. For the first time she was present when this ordinance was observed by Presbyterians. She was disposed to participate, and her desire was not refused. After the service of the first table, when the rest repaired to their pews, she remained, absorbed in thought; reminded that others were ready to come forward, she observed, "I am so happy I could die here." Redeeming love occupied her mind; she had a foretaste of heaven: it was the last service of the kind in which she participated, for soon after, through decay of nature she slept in the dust.

I mention but one instance more, from among many which offer:—a young person, who was just entering upon domestic life, with every prospect of many days, was so interested in the services introductory to that solemn ordinance, on another occasion, that she was constrained to approach, and felt such comfort, as supported her during a severe sickness, which soon after withered her bloom, and laid her low. This service, she often mentioned, as the commencement of a new life, which we have reason to believe is now matured in heaven.

AN ANTIDOTE

AGAINST THE TERROR WITH WHICH SOME ARE SEIZED
DURING A THUNDER STORM.

Doctor Miller, in his life of Dr. Rodgers, gives the following remarkable anecdote.

WHILE Doctor Rodgers and Mr. Davies, after they had entered Virginia, were riding together one afternoon, they were overtaken by one of the most tremendous thunderstorms ever known in that part of the country. They were in the midst of an extensive forest, and several miles distant from any house which offered even tolerable shelter, either to them or their horses. The storm came up with great rapidity; the lightning and thunder were violent beyond all description; and the whole scene such as might be supposed to appal the stoutest heart. Their horses, terrified and trembling, refused to proceed. They were obliged to alight; and standing by their beasts, expected every moment to be precipitated into eternity by the resistless element. Providentially, however, they escaped unhurt: and the consequence was wonderful, as the preservation was happy. From that hour Mr. Rodgers was entirely delivered from the infirmity which had long given him so much distress! On whatever principle we may attempt to account for the fact; whether we suppose that he was so completely *saturated* with fear on the occasion, as to be, ever afterwards, *unsusceptible* of its influence from the same source; in other words, that he was literally "*frightened out of his fear*;" or whether we suppose that so signal an experience of divine protection, was made the means of inspiring him, thence forward, with a larger share of pious confidence, when a similar danger arose:—Whether we resolve the fact into one or the other of these principles, still the fact itself is unquestionable that during the whole of his after life, he displayed an unusual degree of composure and self-possession amidst the severest thunder storms.

A PASTORAL LETTER

Of the Synod of Philadelphia, to the Presbyteries and churches under their care.

CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,

THE Synod assembled in Lancaster at the present time consists of a greater number of members than have been convened at any meeting for many years ; and from their free conversation on the state of religion, it appears, that all the Presbyteries are more than commonly alive to the importance of contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints ; and of resisting the introduction of Arian, Socinian, Arminian, and Hopkinsian heresies, which are some of the means by which the enemy of souls would, if possible, deceive the very elect.

The Synod desire to cherish a stronger regard for the truth as it is in Jesus, than they find at present subsisting among themselves ; and, because they are not ignorant of the disposition of many good men to cry "peace," where there is no peace ; and "there is no danger," in cases in which God commands us to avoid the appearance of evil ; they would affectionately exhort each Presbytery under their care, to be strict in the examination of candidates for licensure or ordination, upon the subject of these delusions of the present age, which seem to be a combination of most of the innovations made upon Christian doctrine in former times.

May the time never come, in which our ecclesiastical courts shall determine, that Hopkinsianism and the doctrines of our Confession of Faith are the same thing ; or, that men are less exposed now, than in the days of the Apostles, to the danger of perverting the right ways of the Lord.

The Synod exhort particularly all the Elders of the churches to beware of those who have made such pretended discoveries in Christian Theology as require an abandonment of the "form of sound words," contained in our excellent Confession and the Holy Scriptures.

In some portions of our Synodical bounds, exertions have been made, but with little effect, to propagate the doctrine of universal salvation. We rejoice that the shafts of Satan should fall ineffectual from the shield of Jesus ; and we desire

all persons under our care to present this shield, by maintaining and diffusing assiduously the sentiments of the Word of God, in opposition to every damning error.

Many of our congregations, when their members were few in number, erected large places of worship, with a design to accommodate their posterity. These have, generally speaking, become full; and although many persons remove from us to the southern and western parts of our country yet new tabernacles for the God of Jacob have been found necessary. Nine new churches have been formed within a few years, which are in a flourishing condition; some which were ready to die, have been revived; and in most of our assemblies a more general, constant, and solemn attendance has been given of late than formerly; but alas! the increase of churches bears no proportion to the increase of population.

Three or four of our churches have experienced what is commonly called a revival of religion, and to them accessions of communicants have been numerous but in many other congregations a gradual but almost constant multiplication of the professed friends of Zion, reminds us, that if the thunder storm in summer excites the most attention, it is the continual blessing from the clouds which replenish the springs, and makes glad the harvest to the husbandman. For the many, who are united in a short time, and for the many, who are gradually gathered to Christ, not by the great and strong wind that rends the mountains, nor by the earthquake, but by the still small voice, which cometh not with observation we would give our Redeemer thanks; and desire the churches to bless him, no less for the daily dew, than for the latter, and the early rain.

It is with deep regret too we have ascertained, that only a few of our vacant congregations assemble, when destitute of a ministerial supply, for public worship on the Lord's day. We would unite our voice with that of the general assembly on this subject, in recommending to the elders of such churches, to convene the people of their charge regularly on the Sabbath, for the purpose of hearing some approved sermon, and of uniting in social prayer. Let the elders lead in the devotional exercises of God's house, and invite some one to read a discourse which they may have selected, until some labourer in word and doctrine shall be sent to them, by the Great Head of the Church for in so doing they shall be comforted, the church edified, and the Redeemer honoured.

In general the young people under our care receive regularly catechetical instruction: and in many congregations Sabbath associations have been formed for the instruction of the children of the poor, and of people of colour. In several parts of the states of Maryland and Delaware, the slaves of late have received more attention than formerly: and in some few places large numbers of them have been admitted to the privileges of the Redeemer's Kingdom. May they all become the Lord's freemen!

The Synod have been peculiarly happy to learn, that a more friendly intercourse and a more intimate union, than have distinguished former times, have of late subsisted between the members of our own body, and the Associate Reformed, the Reformed Presbyterians, and the Reformed Dutch Churches, which we hail as an omen of the approach of that blessed day, in which all who maintain in their purity the same doctrines of grace and system of government, shall be one, and their name one.

In some places the vices of drunkenness, profaneness, and Sabbath-breaking, have increased to an alarming degree, especially through the influence of fairs; but in other places they are much less prevalent than they were. We need not exhort our ministers to preach against all unrighteousness; but were they more pointed, and affectionate in their reproofs, they might hope for more success.

We know of but one Anti-Trinitarian Synagogue in all our borders; and that there may never be another, we pray you, brethren, repeatedly to declare the truth, that the only true God in existence is the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; the God who is in Christ Jesus reconciling the world to himself.

Another favorable circumstance which we state is, that in some of our congregations, in which party politics have produced formerly great warmth, the question now asked, concerning a candidate for civil offices is,—“Is he a Christian?” and persons nominated have been neglected because they were unfriendly to Christianity. We beseech you brethren, whatever your political sentiments may be to elect men fearing God, and hating iniquity, to be your rulers.

DEATH THE COMMON LOT OF MANKIND.

PHILIP of Macedon had an officer whose business it was to proclaim daily in his ear, "*Philip thou art born to die.*" The term of human life is short; some rare instances of extreme age occur, like detached pieces of a wreck, floating here and there, agitated by the storm, as sad memorials of the loss which has been sustained. Doctor *Chandler Robbins*, pastor of the church in Plymouth, preached at Kingston, in the county of Plymouth, on the 2d of April, 1794, at the special desire of Mr. *Ebenezer Cobb*, who on that day arrived at the age of *one hundred years*. He took for his text. "THERE IS BUT A STEP BETWIXT ME AND DEATH."

His introduction is plain but interesting. "Solemn thought! who can realize it, and not pronounce, with the wise man, 'vanity of vanities,' upon all the pomp and parade of life; upon all the vain pursuits of mortals!"

"Our text exhibits a truth, which justly demands the serious attention of every one here present; yea, of all the rational inhabitants of this dying world. For the assertion is in a very important sense, true, with respect to all the living, 'That there is but a step between them and death.' And, *when* that step shall be taken, we are all in the dark; all is uncertainty. It is known only to HIM 'in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways.' Indeed, it is of very little consequence, at what period of life we meet death, if we are happily prepared for it; whether in the bloom of youth, or when worn out with age; whether its approach be by lingering sickness, or by sudden accident; whether at home amongst our friends, or abroad in distant lands, where none but strangers shall hear our dying groans. If the Lord be with us; if 'the God of Jacob be our help,' all will be well; we may safely close our eyes on all mortal enjoyments, and leave the world in peace."

"We are convened this day, my brethren, on a very singular occasion;—Singular, at least, in the present age of the world. The life of man is placed at "three score years and ten;" but we are met to commemorate the goodness of God to his *aged servant*, here present, whose life has been protracted to the uncommon period of a *hundred years* this day. With wonder and with gratitude, we hail such an unusual anniversary. 'Our *Fathers*, where are they?' Gone to the

world of immortality. But how few of them had arrived at this advanced age, before they quitted the stage of mortality!"

The discourse is full of good instruction in the simplest dress. The different views as he proceeds, centre in the end, and leave a strong impression.

"How great, venerable Father! how distinguishing is the goodness of that merciful God, who has upheld you through all the vicissitudes of a long life, and has lengthened out your days to this remarkable period! What millions of inhabitants have been swept off from the earth, since you came upon the stage of life! and how few *coevals* have you in our world! With what wonder and gratitude have you cause to look back upon the varied scenes of life you have passed through, and upon the revolutions and changes you have seen, since the days of youth! Changes in the *natural* world; changes, surprising changes in the *political*, and in the *moral* world. To us, sir, especially to our rising youth, the race of life you have run, appears very long indeed. But not so to you, as you have told me, but a mere *span*. Upon a retrospective view of it, methinks you are ready to say, with the aged patriarch, when the curious question was put to him by Pharaoh, 'How old art thou?' he said in reply, '*Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.*' You cannot, however, add, as in the next words, that 'you have not attained to the years of the life of your *fathers*, in the days of their pilgrimage;" for you have exceeded them *all*, and almost all upon the present stage of action.'

A rare sight! my brethren, our eyes behold, this day! A fellow citizen, who has survived a *century*! Born when New-England was in its childhood; when America was, comparatively, a wilderness, but about *seventy years* after the landing of our Forefathers in Plymouth, the place of his birth. May the unusual sight suitably affect our minds, and excite serious and grateful reflections on the wonderful power, goodness, patience and tender mercy of God to his creatures!

And while you, *aged Father*, with good old Jacob, acknowledge, with a grateful heart, 'the God that fed you all your life long,' may you not, with peculiar propriety, now, at the close of a long life, adopt the words of David in the text, and say, 'There is but a *step* between me and death!' an important step indeed. You will naturally, on this occasion (as far as the enfeebled powers of your mind, which are necessarily impaired by age, will permit) be led to contemplate the great,

the interesting change that lies just before you ; and the awful importance of being found in actual readiness for it. You have ‘ heard and learned ’ from the gospel, what that foundation is, on which alone, you, and we and all, can with safety build our hopes. and die in peace. And that ‘ other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.’ The all perfect atonement made, and the everlasting righteousness brought in by HIM, is that rock on which you may, with infinite security and satisfaction depend, when you shall be called to take that *last step* which will introduce your unbodied spirit into a world of untried and immortal existence. On *this* ground, never did one fail, or come short of heaven. On *this* foundation then, fix, immutably fix your faith and hope. Then, may you, with patience and serenity of soul, ‘ all the days of your appointed time wait, till your change comes,’ when, with a gentle stroke, the messenger death shall give you a peaceful dismissal from earth to ‘ a brighter world on high.’ And in the mean time, may you, the few intervening days that heaven may allot you, between this and the parting hour, be enabled to adopt the words of ‘ Paul the *aged*,’ and say, ‘ I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand, henceforth is laid up for me, a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing.”

“ Finally, brethren and friends, all, who have met here this day and on this occasion, the singular event which has called us together, is adapted to excite very useful and improving reflections in the minds of both old and young. It is very improbable we shall ever meet again on a similar, and perhaps never, all of us, on *any* occasion. This, be it as it may, is of very small importance. Nor is it material at what age or period of life, we quit mortality, whether in youth in manhood, or at the age of a *hundred years*. The only important point is, that our peace be made with God, by reason of a real, a vital union with the Lord Jesus Christ. Without *this*, all our hopes are vain, and will end in fearful disappointment, at the hour of death. For it is written ‘ the sinner though an hundred years old, shall be accursed.’ But ‘ precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints,’ and ‘ mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the *end* of that man is peace.’ To the soul united to Jesus, death will prove the welcome harbinger of endless joys.

“Be it therefore, our great, our only concern, to secure this blessedness. To this end, let us hearken to, and comply with the calls of the gospel, improve the fleeting moments of life to the glory of God, and in ‘serving our generation according to his will;’ and then, when life shall close, we shall be gathered to our *fathers* in peace. Our bodies shall lie down in that mansion of silent repose, ‘where the wicked cease from troubling;’ and our souls, through the merits of our divine Redeemer, shall be received to that eternal ‘rest that remaineth for the people of God.’”

A MONUMENT

TO DEPARTED WORTH.

DOCTOR *Henry Hunter* of London, observes, speaking of monumental inscriptions, funeral sermons, and the burial of the dead, "the treatment of the dead is no easy undertaking, unless the heart speak in the funeral train, speak from the pulpit, speak on the marble; may no unfeeling varlet be permitted to lay out my remains; no stupid panegyrist put me a second time to death, by mangling my memory; and not a stone tell where I lie." It is the heart which enshrines thy remains, departed spirit!—Like precious ointment is thy remembrance!—With the fragrance let a wide circle be perfumed!

The last *Visitant* announced the death of Mrs. *Jane S. Inglis*; but the *Visitant* now leads you to the tomb, not to read her encomium on the marble; but on the heart—which felt deeply—which yet feels—and knows well how to excite the keenest feeling. A letter, which must be preserved, as the most honorable monument to her, whose value we cannot fully appreciate, is a faithful transcript.

MY DEAR SIR,

THREE weeks this day have elapsed since the mortal remains of her who was every thing to me in this world were committed to the grave. I would have written in reply to your friendly and condoling letter before this, if I could have brought myself to sit down in sufficient composure. Truly, my dear sir, I felt myself incompetent; and now what can I say?

The writer of the obituary in your last number has well conceived the state of my heart when my departed love lay a corpse before my eyes. Had you seen her, well might you have said, "Ah lovely appearance of death"—that heavenly smile which had often shed its light upon the darkness of my sorrowful hours, continued to play round the lip of her who had loved me, O how dearly, until it was hid from me for ever.

in the coffin. It is perfectly impossible to imagine a more placid countenance. But how should it be otherwise? No violent sufferings of body had preceded, and the conscience had been void of offence towards God and toward men—it had been purified by the blood of sprinkling; and the soul had ascended filled with the hope of immortality.

It pleased God to withdraw this treasure from me by a lingering malady. I was spared the torture of seeing her tortured. It was a gradual decay, accompanied at no time by any very acute pain. She had at an early period looked forward to what has taken place as not improbable, and therefore expressed her wish to have our sweet infant daughter named with her full name. It is needless to say that her wish was my law. But still to the last she would say, while there is life there is hope—with the heavenly physician my recovery is not impossible. She was desirous of using every practicable means, and did use it. She serenely left the event to God. With submission to him, she could have wished to be permitted to see some of her children grown up and doing well, but she was all acquiescence under the denial. You and I, my beloved friend, know who said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me—nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

The light has gone out in my dwelling. Thanks to a Redeeming God, the darkness succeeding is not a darkness of horror. I had supplicated a respite. O how fervently have I prayed and cried that a life more precious to me than words can express, might be spared. The Lord saw fit to deny me this request. But when I besought him that she might be saved from poignant sufferings of body, and enjoy the firmness and tranquility of faith to the last, he heard and abundantly answered me. She triumphed in her Redeemer. She died, as for years she had lived, full of faith—full of hope—full of peace—full of Christ's glorious salvation.

When her own inquiries drew from me for the first time, (for it was from myself, and herein your information is accompanied by a small mistake as it respects her Father's making her the original communication on the sad subject, although this is of no consequence) when her own inquiries drew from me for the first time the opinion of her physicians as to the mortal result of her disorder, she exhibited some surprise—but neither then, nor at any other time, any thing that amounted or even approached to what the friend whose letter

you have published, has been led to term "*agony*." You may without difficulty picture to yourself the anguish of heart and the outward emotions of the husband of such a wife—the lovely mother of his seven children—his bosom friend—the faithful sharer of his joys and of his sorrows—his counsellor—his treasure—the half of his soul—soon to be severed from him—and in the very prime of her days—and himself conveying to her the awful tidings in answer to her asking eyes and anxious entreaties. Yes, here—here in this poor heart, was agony indeed; agony that has been mitigated, but has not subsided. With what sweet and affectionate earnestness did she try to chide it into rest. Do not so—O where is your fortitude—your christian resignation? It is the will of our Father in Heaven. I hope we shall meet again—or let us hope to meet again, (I do not recollect which.) Then addressing herself to her father, who had by this time approached her bed, and myself, she declared that she continued to fix her hopes on the foundation which she had already tried, that she went out of herself to find acceptance with God, that the righteousness and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ was all her trust—that on this ground she confidently trusted—and that she had a comfortable hope, that whenever it should please the Lord to take her out of time he would take her to himself. After her father had addressed her for some minutes, he retired, and the nurse also leaving the room, I was alone with her a short time. Endeavouring to force some degree of composure, I said to her, now my love, if you have any directions to leave me while you are able to collect your thoughts, and deliberate without inconvenience, mention them to me, and they shall be affectionately and religiously observed by me. Immediately she turned on her side toward me, and the first subject of attention was her *funeral*! "Let my coffin," said she "be of plain mahogany—let there be no scarfs or handkerchiefs, or gloves—no manner of parade—let me be buried at an early morning hour." Oh, sir, was she not here like herself? You knew her well. Was she not humble, unobtrusive, unostentatious to the last?

She then proceeded to direct respecting the appropriation of her small but select library, her wedding ring, her gold watch, certain articles of furniture, &c. with perfect coolness and composure. And now complaining of feeling a little exhausted, she turned in the bed, and remained for a length of time in uninterrupted quiet. This was better than a fortnight, perhaps about three weeks, previous to her dissolution.

From these particulars it is obvious that our amiable friend was misinformed as far as relates to one of the expressions which she uses; I mean the word "*agony*"—and I am solicitous to do away the wrong impressien necessarily made by it—an impression calculated to depreciate the power of that gracious principle which sustained my beloved from the first step in the progress of disease till the closing of her short but well spent life.

During the fortnight or three weeks above alluded to, the exceedingly great and precious promises of the gospel, seemed to be the constant and rich food of her soul. She diligently and punctually used her medicines, and every means suggested for the relief or assistance of decaying nature, never complaining—always willing in God's time to depart and to be with Christ. She died on Monday, and on the morning of the day preceding, before the hour of breakfast, when, on entering her room, I found her possessed of considerable strength of voice, I entered upon a short conversation with her as to the exercises of her mind; and, as I had expected, with the decay of the outward man, the inward principle of spiritual life appeared stronger and more active. "Often," said she, "in health I have asked myself whether my faith and trust would hold out in trouble, sickness, and approaching death, and something within always told me that they would. Now I have experienced it to be so. In this faith and trust I have been supported throughout—and am supported. Am I deceiving myself? Am I a believer in Christ?" "Doubt it not, my love," I replied, "I have no fears for you. Thy maker is thy husband—the Lord of Hosts is his name." She resumed—"In the blood of Christ is my confidence—his blood was shed for me."

Many incidents attending the progress of her disorder evinced the activity of her faith. I may truly say, she felt her ruling passion strong in death. She had pity upon the poor while our thoughts centred in the dear saint herself. On her death-bed she collected a considerable sum of money by sending to benevolent friends which enabled her to administer effectual relief to an indigent and very distressed family. Her faith was made perfect by her works.

Two or three times we thought that life would have yielded to the violent obstructions in her throat and breast. On the last of these occasions she laboured long and with more pain than she had been accustomed to for breath. When she was

relieved I intimated to her that I had feared the moment of separation--of her happiness and my desolation--was then at hand. "I had hoped" said she "that the Lord Jesus Christ was about to take me to himself at that time," and added some observation expressive of the suffering she had then felt. "But it was not yet his time," said I; "and his time is the best time." She repeated my last words with more than acquiescence--with marked satisfaction."

On the morning of the day on which she died, as the two consulting physicians were retiring from us, she begged me to follow them, and obtain their opinion of her state at that time. I did so. She was as low as she possibly could be, in the judgment of both. One added, she may linger out until tomorrow morning. The first particular, the nurse and I imparted to her. The other, we did not think it necessary to communicate. I confess I could not bring myself to do it. O, my dear sir, had you but seen her then! I will not trouble you with my inarticulate griefs. Her own sweet voice spoke comfort as it had ever done. "I have no fears--no doubts--no misgivings--I hold fast my confidence in Jesus who bled for me--I have the same hope to the end. I wish to see my children--the four of them who can be made sensible of what passes--not the youngest three--it will agitate me and do no good." Until they could be brought to her, she occupied the time partly in quiet meditation or prayer, as I presume; and partly in certain particulars of conversation. She drew her wedding ring from her finger, kissed it, gave it to me to put it on my finger, saying "The Lord of Heaven bless my ever dear husband, whenever he looks on this ring may he remember me!" The ring is where it shall ever be--but O my wife, there needs no ring to fasten the remembrance of thee to the fibres of my heart!

William and Susan soon came.--Doctor, I cannot go on here--you have been sufficiently informed. Her poor mother came to her--my wife talked to her--exhorted her--comforted her--"the rock of ages never failed *me*, mama, trust in him--he will never fail you--I have a hope that we shall all meet hereafter."--She now became very much exhausted. Something was given to refresh her, and she remained as quiet as the collecting phlegm and shortness of breath would permit her. The all important change was rapidly drawing nigh, more rapidly than the physicians had anticipated. She was to open her eyes no more in this world. About an hour or an hour

and a half before the last struggle she called for the other two children, James and George. They were brought sobbing and crying to her bed-side. Her voice was nearly gone. But she spoke so that they could hear and understand her. Her feeble hands lay on their heads as they had on their elder brother's and sister's. All the four on their knees received her blessing and heard her prayers for them. O sir, this scene was too much—too much—it was a scene never to be forgotten by me while memory holds its seat in this brain—My children, surely you will not forget what you saw, and what you heard—It would make your father's heart bleed in wretchedness over your mother's grave.

She charged me to convey her blessing to the remaining three children, and had already given particular directions respecting her infant Jane.

You know well, my dear friend, what a mother she was---how tender---how sedulous---how gentle, and yet how firm---desirous, before all things, of their everlasting welfare, but alive to every thing that concerned either their spiritual or temporal good.

It would be difficult to say in what capacity she shone to most advantage. She was prepared to be a good wife and mother by having been a good daughter and sister. If I might hazard an opinion I would assert her preeminence as a wife. "Many daughters have done virtuously:" but where is she that excells *thee*? It is my glory to praise thee, as it was once my happiness to possess thee!

The mortal scene closed on Monday the second of September, a little before two o'clock P. M.---The convulsion, if it could be called one, which then separated her from me, as to this world forever, was short in duration and slight in degree.

On Wednesday September 4th, which was her birth day---and at the hour of seven in the morning--at which hour she had first seen the light of this mortal life thirty two years before-- she was laid in the grave.

I add no more, my dear sir, to this free, minute, and I hope accurate, and to you I will believe not uninteresting communication of particulars, than the simple expression of my humble, hearty, and adoring thanks to the Father of mercies for his most gracious support given to this most beloved of women. Not a complaint---not a murmur---not a tear---not a doubt---not a difficulty---not an apprehension---not a chill of mistrust---interfered with that peace which Jesus had be-

queathed her. O my adored Redeemer---my once crucified Lord---what thanks do I not owe thee?

My dear sir---I bid you farewell---present me with all affection to Mrs. Muir and the girls. They each had a place in that once warm heart which now beats no more---farewell.

JAMES INGLIS.

Baltimore, Sept. 25, 1816.

DR. MUIR.

THE MOURNING RING.

Inest sua gratia parvis.

LITTLE, circling, shining thing !
 Dying Friendship's gift---a Ring !
 Dost thou now this finger grace ?
 Let me then thy meaning trace ;
 Thou shalt teach me to be wise,
 Wisdom more than gold I prize.

In thy circling form I see
 Th' emblem of *eternity* ;
 In the *gold* of which thou'rt made,
 Is *eternal wealth* pourtray'd.
 While the dear departed *Name*,
 Oft re-kindles Friendship's flame ;
 In the *date of life* I see,
 Man at best is vanity.
 While the solemn *day of death*
 Tells me I must yield my breath ;
 Each instructive word is found
 well inscrib'd on *darkest ground* ;
 Thus the legend seems to say,
 How earth's *tend'rest ties* decay !
 Joy must yield to certain grief,
 Death, however, brings relief.

Little, circling, shining thing !
 Mournful, but instructive Ring !
 Thou can'st teach me to be wise ;
 May I look beyond the skies !
 Earthly friendships, all must end,
 May I chuse an heavenly Friend !

Let my name engraven stand,
Like a signet on his hand :
Then when death itself shall come,
Faith shall triumph o'er the tomb ;
When the grief of life is o'er,
Friends shall meet to part no more.
Jesus is the best of friends,
For his friendship never ends.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

IT is a laudable attempt to rescue men from ignorance; and attempts of this kind are frequent and prosecuted with more ardor and success than at any former period. This is the great object of *Sunday Schools*. Several have lately been formed in the District of Columbia. At Doctor Laurie's church in Washington, people of colour are taught to read: they are together two hours before divine service in the morning of the Lord's day, and two hours at the interval of worship, about 300 attend. They are taught by young persons of both sexes, belonging to all the different denominations in the city. A similar school is taught under the direction of the Rev. Andrew Hunter, between the Capitol and the Navy-Yard, and of Mr. Munro at Georgetown; at Georgetown also the Rev. James Carnahan employs the interval of worship, in the religious instruction of his pupils: the progress of the scholars exceeds what could have been anticipated: during the week, their books are in their hands, at the intervals of labour: the streets on the Lord's day are quiet, which formerly were noisy; and there is a general improvement in the morals of this class of the inhabitants.

At Alexandria a Lancastrian school has lately been instituted for the instruction of free blacks, supported by subscription; why slaves are not admitted, I know not; it contains at present about 120 scholars. The teacher speaks of the genius of the children as what exceeds any thing which had before come under his observation. This school, is open during the week, and taught by the Rev. Mr. Hinson, a worthy clergyman in the methodist connection.

A Sunday school has commenced at the Presbyterian church; it is intended for the religious instruction of the young. They are examined in their catechisms, repeat hymns, and passages from scripture: it is under the charge of females, who devote in turn an hour or two before divine service to this pious purpose; the elders also in turn attend, to take the charge of the boys; it is to be hoped that this institution will continue, and become more and more beneficial; it is not generally known, but it is now announced that any who desire instruction will be received, and it will increase the pleasure of those who are employed in this good work to see a growing desire after instruction, in numbers multiplying continually.

SOCIETIES,

FOR different purposes are forming every where through the United States, the object of each is not of the same importance, but each has something valuable in view, and by the united effort of all, religion is one way or another advanced. Tract societies have their use, particularly in country places. In the following extract they have an eloquent advocate.

From the Annual Report of the Methodist Tract Society, in Suffolk (England) written by Montgomery, the Poet.

ALL the means of grace have their peculiar advantages, and many are adapted to peculiar circumstances. The dissemination of religious tracts is especially so. There are persons who never read the word of God, who never attend public worship, who, from heedlessness, prejudice or hatred, concern not themselves about the things that belong to their peace. A Tract is a missile weapon, which the Spirit of God may direct to the conviction and conversion of a sinner, unassailable from any other quarter. It falls in the way of such a one---he would be ashamed to look at it among his companions, but he is alone, and he has nothing else to do---something in the title attracts his eye---its brevity tempts his indolence---he begins to read it with indifference, perhaps with repugnance, but his curiosity being excited, and himself gradually more and more interested, he proceeds with diminishing prejudice and increasing seriousness to the end. He has got through with it, but he has not done with it ; he lays it out of his hand, but he cannot lay it out of his mind ; its story has not passed through his imagination only, like an arrow through the invulnerable air, but it has pierced his heart, his understanding, his conscience, and in each it has left a wound, that cannot be healed ; the anguish of which is only inflamed by vain arts to assuage it ; for he shuns the recollection of the things that alarmed them, the closer they haunt him ; and the very attempt to forget the words, indelibly fixes them in his remembrance. In this distress he seeks pleasure where he formerly found it, but he finds it no more ; he seeks rest in unbelief and obduracy, but rest is no more there ; his peace is slain ; the world can never again be to him what it has been---happiness

and repose he must possess in religion, or renounce all prospect of either for ever. Then, and not till then, when every refuge of lies has failed him, he lays hold of the hope set before him in the Gospel, and in bitterness of soul exclaims, "what shall I do to be saved?"—The answer is nigh unto him:---Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. He does believe and he is saved.

This is merely stating a single example, among thousands that do, and millions that might occur, in the course of Providence, if these small but effectual calls to repentance were universally and abundantly distributed. We say universally and abundantly—because though a few Tracts, carefully scattered, may and must do good, yet what can be produced by supplies so disproportionate to the wants of mankind, but here a blade of grass, and there perhaps a flower, where all was barren before, and where all is still barren around; whereas to make the wilderness and the solitary place to rejoice, and the desert to blossom like the rose, we must, in our measure, imitate the bounty of our heavenly Father, who causes the sun in his progress to shine on every spot of land and sea, and his rain to fall on the rock and the highway as well as on the fertile plain and the cultured garden. Tracts must be unsparingly disseminated, to produce extensive and permanent effects. How many have been warned, reprov'd, instructed, restrained, encouraged, strengthened, or established in faith, by the perusal of the thousands and tens of thousands of little fugitive pieces, circulated by Tract Societies---can never be known till the day of judgment; but the records are in heaven, and there they will be held in everlasting remembrance. Spirits in glory, a million of ages hence, may be telling their companions, what great things the Lord has done for them, on earth, by these humble instruments. If we hear of but one instance, in which by such means, a sinner has been turned from the error of his way, we might safely calculate on many more: nay, if we knew of none, we ought still to believe, that we might see the salvation of God---remembering that, while it is our duty to plant and water, it is He, only, who giveth the increase. Having done our part, can we doubt that He has done his? The casual reading of a single passage in one of these pamphlets, may under the blessing of God, be the earliest breath of a new birth, unto righteousness: the first step of pilgrimage to the heavenly Jerusalem. On this point we would dwell with pecu-

liar emphasis, because from the very nature of Tracts, the impressions which they make are generally transient, and their final effects may sometimes be ascribed to the secondary causes of more immediate influence. Therefore we boldly address every friend of Zion, in the language of the son of David :—" In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether both shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be good alike."

A Tract lying in a cottage window is a preacher, with a message from God to every one who takes it up. This preacher will be in season and out of season ; it will wait patiently till it can deliver its message, and will deliver it fully faithfully, without apology, equivocation, or respect of persons it will fearlessly tell the truth, and we hope nothing but the truth ; it will speak to the conscience and it will teach the conscience to speak.

Leesburg, Oct. 22, 1816.

HALLELUJAH!

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

THE King of Zion has been pleased to pour out a measure of his spirit on the dear people of my charge. About four weeks ago the awakening commenced. Many exhibit evidence of serious reflection ; some, of deep distress for sin ; and a few, to the praise of rich mercy, have found peace in believing. Eight of the subjects of this work were added to the church on last Lord's day. Mr. W----- will give you more particulars and a general view of our state. Pray for us.

Yours in the Lord,

JOHN MINES.

DR. MUIR.

From the Evangelical Magazine.

A REMARKABLE INTERPOSITION OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN I reflect on the many happy hours in my youth, spent in private conference, and praying societies, I can neither forget the men, nor yet the distinguished mercies of the Lord, who rendered them a blessing to my early instruction, edification and consolation. And such as are able to realize the ideas of past friendship, and to associate the feelings of gratitude for the past, with the hope of enjoying in a very few days, or years, a still more pure and perfect communion with endeared but departed saints, will not condemn me for bringing to light, and rescuing from oblivion, any singular instance of the Lord's care and kindness towards the hidden ones, in the days of their pilgrimage; and the following, I hope, will prove both entertaining and instructing to the poor of Christ's flock.

It has been often observed, that the christian's greatest extremity is the time of God's gracious opportunity. Few things are more evident, than that some of the darkest dispensations in the experience of the saints, have been opportunities for the divine care and kindness to be made known and manifested towards them; and those temporal supplies, that are given in an extraordinary way, such as the ravens feeding Elijah, in a particular manner answer the designs of our Lord; they are the fruit of the wisdom of him who hath said, "*I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee.*"

Thomas Hownham, the subject of the following providence, was a very poor man who lived in a lone house or hut upon a moor, called Barmourmoor, about a mile from Lowick, and two miles from Doddington, in the county of Northumberland. He had no means to support a wife and two young children, save the scanty earnings obtained by keeping an ass, on which he used to carry coals from Barmour-coalhill to Doddington and Wooler; or by making brooms of the heath, and selling them around the country. Yet, poor, and despised as he was, in consequence of his poverty, in my forty years acquaintance with the professing world, I have scarce met with his equal, as a man that lived near to God, or one

who was favored with more evident answers to prayer. My parents then living at a village called Hanging-Hall, about one mile and a half from his hut, I had frequent interviews with him, in one of which he was very solicitous to know whether my father or mother had sent him any unexpected relief the night before. I answered him in the negative, so far as I knew: at which he seemed to be uneasy. I then pressed to know what relief he had found; and how? After requesting secrecy, unless I should hear of it from any other quarter, (and if so he begged I would acquaint him;) he proceeded to inform me, that being disappointed of receiving money for his coals the day before, he returned home in the evening, and to his pain and distress found that there was neither bread, nor meal, nor any thing to supply their place, in his house; that his wife wept sore for the poor children, who were both crying for hunger; that they continued crying until they both fell to sleep; that he got them to bed, and their mother with them, who likewise soon went to sleep, being worn out with the sufferings of the children and her own tender feelings.

Being a fine moonlight night, he went out of the house, to a retired spot, at a little distance, to meditate on those remarkable expressions in Hab. iii. 17—19. Here he continued, as he thought, about an hour and a half; found great liberty and enlargement in prayer; and got such a heart-loathing and soul-humbling sight of himself, and such interesting views of the grace of God, and the love of his adorable Saviour, that though he went out on purpose to spread his family and temporal wants before his Lord, yet, having obtained a heart-attracting and soul captivating view of him by faith, he was so enamoured with his beauty, and so anxious to have his heart entirely under his forming hand, that all thought about temporals was taken away.

In a sweet, serene, and composed frame of mind, he returned into his house; when by the light of the moon through the window, he perceived something upon a stool or form, (for chairs they had none) before the bed; and after viewing it with astonishment, and feeling it, he found it to be a joint of meat roasted, and a loaf of bread, about the size of our half-peck loaves. He then went to the door to look if he could see any body; and after using his voice, as well as his eyes, and neither perceiving nor hearing any one, he returned in, awoke his wife, who was still asleep, asked a blessing,

and then awoke the children, and gave them a comfortable repast ; but could give me no further account. I related this extraordinary affair to my father and mother, who both keep it a secret as requested ; and such it would ever have remained, but for the following reason : a short time after this event I left that country ; but on a visit, about twelve years after, at a friend's, the conversation one evening took a turn about one Mr. Strangeways, commonly called Stranguage, a farmer, who lived at Lowick-Highsteed, which the people named Pinch-me-near, on account of this miserly wretch that dwelt there. I asked what had become of his property, as I apprehended he had never done a generous action in his life time. An elderly woman in company said, I was mistaken ; for she could relate one, which was somewhat curious : she said, that she had lived with him as a servant or housekeeper ; that about twelve or thirteen years ago, one Thursday morning, he ordered her to have a whole joint of meat roasted, having given her directions a day or two before to bake two large loaves of white bread. He then went to Wooler market, and took a piece of bread and cheese in his pocket, as usual. He came home in the evening in a very bad humour, and went soon to bed. In about two hours after he called up his man servant, and ordered him to take one of the loaves and the joint of meat, and carry them down the moor to Thomas Hownham's, and leave them there. The man did so, and finding the family asleep, he set them at their bedside, and came away."

The next morning her master called her and the man servant in, and seemed in great agitation of mind. He told them that he had intended to have invited a Mr. John Mool, with two or three more neighbouring farmers (who were always teasing him for his nearness,) to sup with him the night before ; that he would not invite them in the market-place, as he purposed to have taken them by surprise near home, as two or three of them passed his house, but a smart shower of rain coming up, they rode off, and left him before he could get an opportunity : that going soon to bed he did not rest well, fell a-dreaming, and thought he saw Hownham's wife and children starving for hunger ; that he awoke and put off the impression ; that he dreamed the second time, and endeavoured again to shake it off, but that he was altogether overcome with the nonsense the third time ; that he believed the devil was in him, but that since he was so foolish as to send

the meat and bread, he could not now help it, and charged her and the man never to speak of it, or he would turn them away directly. She added, that since he was dead long ago, she thought she might relate it, as a proof that he had done one generous action, though he was grieved for it afterwards.

This is the fact ; let those that read make their own reflections.

Depford, Oct. 4, 1793.

ANECDOTE.

A Baronet of the last century, whose mansion was in Yorkshire, was supposed to be dead ; when the following conversation took place between his jester or fool, and his servants :

Serv. Our master is gone.

Fool. Ah ! whither is he gone ?

Serv. To Heaven, to be sure.

Fool. To heaven ! no that he is not, I am certain.

Serv. Why so ?

Fool. Why, because heaven is a great way off ; and when my master was going a long journey, he used for some time before to talk about it, and prepare for it ; but, *I never heard him speak of heaven, or saw him make any preparations for going* : he cannot therefore, be gone thither. The Baronet, however, recovered, and this conversation being told him, he was so struck with it, that he immediately began to prepare for his journey to the eternal world.

“ He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty : and
 “ he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.”

A young gentleman in the streets of Paris, being interrupted by a coach in his passage, struck the coachman. A tradesman, from his shop, cried out, What! you beat the Marshal de Turenne's people! Hearing that name, the gentleman, quite out of countenance, flew to the coach to make his excuse. The Marshal said smiling, you understand, sir, how to correct servants ; allow me to send mine to you when they do amiss.

The Marshal being one day alone in a box of the play house, some gentlemen came in, who, not knowing him, would oblige him to yield his seat in the first row. They had the insolence, upon his refusal, to throw his hat and gloves upon the stage. The Marshal, without being moved, desired a lord of the first quality to hand them up to him. The gentleman, finding who he was, blushed, and would have retired ; but he, with much good humour, intreated him to stay, saying, that, if they would sit close, there was room enough for them all.

The nature of man is so framed, that not only by often hearing himself called a fool, he believes it ; but by often calling himself a fool, he enters into the same opinion. Every person holds an inward and secret conversation with his own breast, and such as it highly concerns him well to regulate, because even in this sense, “ evil communications corrupt good manners.”

The wise and prudent conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly shiver and shrink at sight of toil and danger, and *make* the impossibility they fear.

THE DOVE.*By William Maxwell, Esq. of Norfolk, (Vir.)*

‘O ! tell me where the Dove has flown,
 To build her downy nest ;
 And I will rove the world alone,
 To win her to my breast.’

I sought her in the rosy bow’r,
 Where pleasure holds her reign,
 And fancy flies from flow’r to flow’r,
 But there I sought in vain.

I sought her in the grove of Love ;
 I knew her tender heart ;
 But she had flown : the peaceful Dove
 Had felt the traitor’s dart.

‘Upon ambition’s craggy hill,
 The pensive bird may stray,’
 I sought her there ; but vainly still ;
 She never flew that way.

Faith smil’d, and shed a tender tear,
 To see me search around ;
 Then whisper’d, I can tell thee where
 The bird may yet be found.

‘By meek Religion’s humble cot,
 She builds her downy nest :
 O ! seek the sweet secluded spot,
 And win her to thy breast.’

THE
MONTHLY VISITANT;

OR

Something Old.

“NO MAN HAVING DRUNK OLD WINE, STRAIGHTWAY
DESIRETH NEW; FOR HE SAITH, THE OLD IS
BETTER.”

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